

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 7.

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NO. 12.

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CLEMENT DOANE.
OFFICE—CORNER OF MACDONALD AND
WEST STREETS.

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For the Jasper Courier
Invisible Soliloquy as Related by Kopf
Hed—A Parody

OF INSTRUCTION.

Ye "Couchhead" he scratch "Invisible"
concerning with himself, and he commit
the head remarks to memory, and he follow
ing is the result.

With face discolored and pale, and frame
half ready to sink,

"Invisible" sat in a lighted room, with pen
paper and ink.

He'd been trying to write a rhyme by
"Rhetorics lucid" rule,

But he gave it up, and with dolorous whining
began the song of the fool.

YE S-SO

"Grind, grind; while swift roll the
wheels of time."

Joy from an empty and addled head to grind
a single rhyme,

Grind, grind, to wipe off the "Kopf
Head" stains,

Why is it that rhymes are asked of me who
have never a speck of brains?

Grind, grind, I dip my pen in ink,
And with execrable, and pinch my mouth,

No names comes and I only curse with a groan
and a smothered sob.

The trouble I have in writing verses lies to
me is, no awful jinx.

Grind, grind, grind, till the lamp burns weak
and dead,

Grind, grind, grind, till my head begins to
swim,

Clouds and shadows of demons dire on the
shattered walls do fly,

And shag their long thin fingers at me who
have neither honor nor wit.

Grind, grind, grind, oh heaven for a single
hit,

Bat blood from a tulip you cannot draw
no far from an Indian flat,

While from my headless mess come, though
ranked with a hundred pains,

Great God! that a man should try to rhyme
who has never a speck of brains.

Ye song cease "Invisible tears his hair"

and gives it unto disgust. Korea H.E.P.

IRELAND, Inc. March 1865.

A BAD PRACTICE—Many persons who
use kerosene lamp are in the habit, when go-
ing to bed or when leaving a room for a
short time, of turning the wick down low in
order to save a trifle of the consumption of
oil. The consequence is that the air of the
room soon becomes vitiated with the un-
consumed oil vapors, by the was produced
by combustion, and also by the minute par-
ticles of smoke and soot which are thrown
off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its ef-
fects, and the wonder is that more persons
are not immediately and injured by breath-
ing it. Irritation and inflammation of the
throat and lungs, headache, dizziness and
nausea are among its effects—[Woodford
Sentinel].

PROLIFIC.—The wife of Isidor Baer, a
Bavarian of Jeffersonville, presented him
with three fine girls at one birth. I. B. is
anxious to introduce the Bavarian custom
of making presents to the happy father on
such occasions, and says the effect would be
wholesome and encouraging. We trust that
the patriotic Bavarian may be encouraged
—though, in these war times, it would have
been better if the girls had been boys.—N.
A. Ledger.

[Correspondence of the Jasper Courier]
Letter from a Dubois Volunteer.

FORTRESS MURFRESBORO, TENN.
CAMP OF THE 143rd REGT. IND. V. L.
March 30th, 1865.

MR. EDITOR:—It is not worth while to
enter into the minutiae of the organization
of this regiment; we started from Camp Car-
ington, Indianapolis, on the eve of the 24th
of Feb., en route for Nashville, Tenn., arriv-
ing at Jeffersonville, at 8:30 (25th), we

sprouted the pleasant garden of our pros-
perity.

Sherman is master of the State; the Con-
federacy is beaten; show of its strength
and the events of the past few weeks are
closing our horizon; God send how soon
the harbinger of national unity and per-
petual peace may be sounded o'er our land.

CHARLES W. JACKSON.

WISE WORDS WELL PUT.—The New
York Times, as we have before observed, is
generally understood to represent the views
and policy of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of
State. And Mr. Seward is believed to have
commanded the regiment; we were then
marched to Taylor's Barracks, remaining
there till the 28th inst., when we boarded

Freight train for Nashville, Tenn., arriv-

ing at Jeffersonville, at 8:30 (25th), we

crossed the river with a drenching rain

pouring down upon us, marched to the "sol-
diers rest," in Louisville, Capt. Kellogg

State. And Mr. Seward is believed to have
had the entire conference of the President in

relation to the pacification of the country.

In this view of the case we have peculiar

satisfaction in reading in the Times the fol-

lowing expression of a sentiment, which

it prevails with the Administration, will

yet prove the wisdom of this country:

"Cannons and bayonets never yet won the
love of any people; no matter whether the
cause in which they were used was right or
wrong." Whether the people of the South

will ever again feel a strong affection for
the old flag—whether their hearts will ever

again respond with living pride to the mu-

sic of the Union, depends entirely on the

manner in which, as members and citizens

of it, they may hereafter be treated. We

shall very soon, without doubt, re-establish

our authority over all of the people of the

Southern states. We can, and shall, compe-

them to obey our laws. But we cannot

compel them to love us. We can win their

confidence and regard for the National Gov-

ernment; and we can soon exercise the

authority we shall soon enjoy, so as to make

them hate us to the latest generation ten-

times worse than they have hated us hith-

erto. It remains to be seen whether we

can be wise as well as strong—whether we

can take counsel of our judgment. In

stead of our passions, whether we can

appose the resentments of a defeated foe

by conquering and overrunning our own."

The Sources of Oil.

Hause-Meridian's Magazine has an article
on oil, which concludes as follows:

The sources of these vast supplies of oil
has been much discussed, and the reader still
sees points in their history which remain
obscure. We trace their remote origin to
a great forest of antiquity, whose signs were
seen, and whose trees were gigantic. We
know their greatness by the cast of their
trunks, and the immensity of their huge
leaves, which we find in our coal mines.—
Summarized and subjected to certain strange
operations, the vast coal forest turned suddenly
in to coal. Such a change involves a spar-
ation of carbon and hydrogen; sometimes of
gas, sometimes of oil, or both combined.

Gravity would force the fluid to seek the
lowest level, and could, through every
crack and fissure, which occurs in the ground,
find not only below, but often remote
from coal deposits. Under other circum-
stances, the pressure of water from beneath
or the volatile nature of the gas which accom-
panies the oil, forces it up into the highest
attainable level, thus bringing it often
into water above the coal measures. Just
when or how these wonderful transitions
take place may never be definitely known,
for in the vast crucible beneath our feet,
where fierce fires are always raging, such
changes are easily effected.

It may be safely predicted that the
petroleum will have an immense effect upon
the arts and industries of the world. Al-
ready in its infancy, it has been applied to
various purposes with great success. It
furnishes a gas far more brilliant than that
produced from coal; machinery oils, of sev-
eral kinds, are obtained from it, wax for
making candles, and the bases of many
brilliant dyes are taken from it in the pro-
cess of distillation. It is being daily ex-
perimented with more and more success, and
a thousand new uses are prophesied for it.

Speculators and commission merchants,
hucksters and coopers, railroad companies and
carmen, have had a flourishing time of it.
Indeed, it has been said that the entire pop-
ulation of Pennsylvania is blessed, with the
exception of one farmer, who lost his feather-
bed because his grass went swimming in
Oil creek, and came out torched and blackened.

OUR lady in Connecticut has read the

Wise and Patriotic Sentiments.

The following is the pen of J. H. W.

Fortier, editor of the Washington City Journal, purporting to have been written on

January 31st, 1865, by Major C. S. West,

generally understood to be the Adjutant

General Kirby Smith.

The letter says, in substance, that

the Adjutant of the Adminstration, and if the view

of that the letter was inspired by General

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